

Summer time

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Summary:

Sleeping *outside*? In a *tent*? On the *ground*? Miles and miles *away* from home? Eddie would have rather die. But the promise of some alone time with his boyfriends was too good to pass up so long as they brought plenty of bug spray, a bear whistle, antiseptic cream, and a fully stoked first aid kit.

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Author's Note:

They're all teenagers in this. Bill is eighteen, Eddie and Richie are seventeen. Nothing explicit but definitely implied. I doubt Bill would still have his stutter, but I wanted to put it anyway. AU where the events with Pennywise never happened, but Georgie did go missing.

I proofread and edited it a couple of times, but apologize in advance if I missed any mistakes.

It was only because their parents had banned the three of them as a group from their house that they had decided on going camping in the first place. Well, technically speaking it had only really been Eddie's mom that no longer allowed Richie and Bill to come over. Apparently knocking over a bookshelf and nearly smashing her precious boy was reason enough to forbid them from ever stepping into the Kaspbrak household ever again.

Bill was allowed to have them over still, but the atmosphere at his home was always cold, tense, and distant. Ever since Georgie's disappearance years ago, Bill much preferred to be away rather than there which resulted in the three of them never going to the Denbrough's. As for Richie, well, his mother was a drunk. Being around a drunk was never fun.

So camping it was.

A month earlier Bill had gotten his first car for his eighteenth birthday in the form of his mother's old station wagon. The vehicle screamed 'soccer mom' much more than Bill would have preferred, but the amount of times he and Richie hot boxed inside quickly made the "mom smell" (as Richie had called it) go away. All in all, the novelty of being able to drive where he wanted, when he wanted, and get out of Derry whenever he wanted had yet to wear off, that when they had decided they were going to camp, Bill jumped on the opportunity to suggest a bit of a road trip as well.

It was summer after all. They were suppose to be having fun.

Sleeping *outside*? In a *tent*? On the *ground*? Miles and miles *away* from home? Eddie would have rather die. But the promise of some alone time with his boyfriends was too good to pass up so long as they brought plenty of bug spray, a bear whistle, antiseptic cream, and a fully stoked first aid kit. They decided to appease Eddie's request.

"I wish you wouldn't do that in here," Eddie scolded Richie from the backseat. Bill was driving, of course, having been the only one allowed to legally drive passengers, though as far as following the law went it had stopped there as Richie had lit up a joint only moments before. "I'm going to get a contact high and you know how my anxiety is."

"Contact high is just a myth, Eds. It's all in the head," Richie said, though he had rolled down the window. He waited until Bill had slowed the car down for one the turns on the windy mountain road before taking another hit and putting the end of the joint out against the rim of the door mirror, storing the rest of it for later.

"I feel funny already. I'm pretty sure I'm already high. Do you see this road? Do you want Bill high while he drives this? We'll totally flip over into the fucking ditch," Eddie continued.

"You're not high, I'm not even high," Richie began to argue back before Bill interrupted him by shoving a roadmap into his lap.

"I..I didn't su..see any signs for the cu..cu..campsite," Bill told him, his eyes still glued to the road. "Su..see if you can figure it out wu..wu..where we are."

"Are you lost?" Eddie asked, leaning forward between the two front seats so that he was in the middle of his boyfriends, his body swaying with every bend in the road from one side to another. "Here gimme that."

"I got it," Richie said, turning in his seat to hold the map away from Eddie's reach. "I saw a sign a couple miles back. We're almost to the town and then it's probably a couple more miles to the site. Hey, we should stop at a market and get some snacks or something. I could

probably talk someone into buying us a pack of beer.”

“Oh yeah, lets get inebriated in the middle of the forest,” Eddie said with obvious sarcasm in his tone.

Turns out, Richie was able to talk someone into buying them some beer much to his and Bill’s thrill. Eddie was pretty excited about it as well. Though he wouldn’t outwardly admit it, Bill and Richie could tell. They were teenagers with newly found freedom. It was summer. They were suppose to be having fun.

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“You have to assemble the tent poles. Make sure they snap into place though or it’s gonna fall on us and then slide it into the hole,” Richie said, snickering at the last part of the instructions resulting in both Bill and Eddie rolling their eyes at their boyfriend’s childish nature. “Thats not the only thing that’s gonna be--”

“A..are you guh..going to help us, o..or are you just guh..going to tell us what to do?” Bill asked, a tent pole in his hand as they snapped it into place.

“Someone has to read the instructions, Big Bill,” Richie told him shrugging. “You and Eds put it together, I’d just get in the way.”

“Oh god, he’s become self aware,” Eddie said, turning to look at Bill with a teasing smile on his face. Bill laughed in return. Richie threw the instruction manual in their direction.

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“Don’t look at me like that while you’re doing that,” Eddie demanded, not breaking the eye contact he and Richie had. The fire pit sat between them, a small fire going while to the side Bill was placing another log into it. Richie smirked at Eddie, sliding a hot dog frank onto a skewer at a much slower pace than necessary.

“You’re actually the worse,” Eddie added.

“Imagining this was your hot dog in my hand?” Richie asked, still smirking.

“You’re stabbing it with a fucking stick, what do you think?” Eddie protested, placing his own skewer into the fire pit, allowing the flame to engulf the frank. “I’m pretending this is your’s, though.”

Richie made a face. “Okay, okay. Point made.”

The tent was finally up. They had successfully made themselves food that was accompanied by the now lukewarm beers Richie had scored for them earlier. Though he was not drunk by any means, or even tipsy for that matter, Eddie’s small stature made him prone to being a light weight so three beers (Bill opting only to drink one in favor of helping finish off Richie’s joint from earlier instead) was leaving him comfortably buzzed.

The fire pit was still going as the now low flames lazily licked the cold night air resulting in dancing lights on the side of their tent. Richie watched the dim moving lights through the fabric of the tent with blurry vision having had tucked his glasses away for the evening. His gaze moved to look at the blurry form next to him that was unmistakably Bill changing into his night clothes and then Eddie who was laying between them.

“We should have gotten a hotel,” Eddie said, wiggling a bit in an attempt to get comfortable. “Or at least more blankets.”

“Stu..stop complaining. Yu..you sound like Stan,” Bill said, though he was very obviously teasing and Eddie took little to no offense. “I..it’s the experience. Bu..besides, I would sleep on the fu..floor every night if it m..muh..meant getting out of Derry more. We should d..do this more. Go even f..fuh..farther next time.”

“One thing at a time, Bill. We have all summer,” Eddie told him, looking up and over at Bill, who was much too tall to stand in the tent, so was leaning over as he pulled his sleep shirt over his head and down his torso. He was scrawny when he was a boy. They all were, but Bill had grown to be much bulkier than both Eddie and Richie, though Richie did have the same height advantage that Eddie had yet to grow into provided he ever was going to.

“S..su..sorry, you’re right. Ju..just excited about going on a..ad..adventures with you guys,” Bill said, giving Eddie a smile that Richie couldn’t make out without his glasses, but was familiar enough with Bill’s tone to know it was there.

“Yeah, not too many adventures, though. You know how hard I worked to convince Mr. Keene to hire me,” Eddie said. Bill sat down next to Eddie, leaning over to give him a soft but tender kiss that lasted long enough to peek Richie’s interest to the sudden silence that he strained to see what he was missing.

“Thu..there’ll be uh..uh..other drug stores,” Bill pointed out once the kiss broke. Eddie didn’t protest. Even if Bill was set out to jeopardize Eddie’s job with his impromptu adventures, Eddie couldn’t find it in himself to care too much as of right now. When Bill broke the kiss, he didn’t get far before Eddie’s hand rested on his cheek and guided the older boy into another one.

Richie couldn’t see the display between him in much detail, other than the fuzzy silhouettes of his boyfriends accompanied with the soft undoubtable sounds of kissing. He appreciated the vague view. The way that Bill towered over Eddie’s form as he straddled the smaller teens hips, or the way Eddie clutched and grabbed desperately as Bill’s shirt trying to close the gap between their bodies.

Richie stayed put for a while, being able to appreciate the two together without himself involved nearly as much as he appreciated the two of them together with himself being involved. Eventually, however, Richie sat up and scooted towards the other two, their features becoming a little bit more clear the closer he got to them.

Richie placed his hand on the small of Bill’s back, his finger tips slipping under the night shirt Bill had just put on despite Richie’s every intention of getting it off. Getting all of it off. Bill’s back arched into Richie’s touch when he realized the third had joined the party, earning a disappointed noise from Eddie as he had inevitably moved his body away from the other teen’s touch, whose hands by then had also found themselves under Bill’s shirt.

Realizing the unavoidable, Bill sat up from his position over Eddie’s to tug his shirt off. Richie took the opportunity to lean in on Eddie

and steal a few kisses as well before Bill had joined them once again.

“What the fuck was that?” Eddie asked. Even though his voice was a whisper, it sounded loud in the quiet of the tent and the surrounding quiet of the wilderness. Bill’s eyes cracked open ever so slightly from his light doze.

“Shut the fuck up,” Richie groaned. He was laying on his stomach with the side of his face pressed in his pillow. It wasn’t that Bill and Eddie weren’t proactive in their intimate life, it was just that Richie was much more of a go getter with many more things he often wanted to try or do with resulted in always being the most worn out in the end. All he wanted at this point was to sleep. Preferably with his lover asleep beside him.

“No I mean it, I heard something,” Eddie said, much more agitated this time. Eddie sat up from his place between the other two, effectively pulling some of the blanket off them and earning an annoyed grumble from Richie. “There’s something outside.”

“I..I didn’t h..hear anything, E..Eddie,” Bill told him, his eyes slipping close again and he lazily felt around the dark beside him to pull Eddie back down.

“I fucking heard something. Fuck,” Eddie said, swatting Bill’s hand away from him and instead shaking the two forms on either side of him. “Guys, wake the fuck up. There’s something outside of our tent.”

“If there’s something out there, then shouldn’t we be the fuck quiet?” Richie protested in a harsh, yet hushed whisper. He side eyed the space where Eddie most definitely was, but with the fire having had died a couple hours ago, Richie couldn’t use its light to sort of see Eddie.

“Fuck you,” Eddie said, though the unsettled sound of his voice made Richie sigh deeply and feel around for his glasses before putting them on his face. It was still dark, but how he could make out Eddie’s form more. Bill was still laying down beside them though only a few short moments past until he was also rolling over and sitting up.

“W..wuh.. what did y..you hu..hu..hear?” Bill asked, rubbing his face though the exhaustion wasn’t fleeting quickly enough.

“I don’t know what I heard, I just know I heard something,” Eddie told him.

“I..I’ll go check it out,” Bill offered, making his way towards the entrance of the tent and taking special care not to accidentally step on either Richie or Eddie’s limbs that were being hidden by the dark. Before he actually had a chance to open the tent though, Eddie had grabbed his bicep.

“You can’t go out there,” Eddie said. “Are you out of your mind? It’s probably a bear, or a serial killer, or a fucking moose or something.”

“Or it’s nothing and you’re just losing your mind,” Richie said. “Didn’t think that I actually fucked your brains out, Eds.”

“Fuck off,” Eddie rebuked.

“I..I have to go l..lu..look,” Bill said looking away from Eddie and grabbing the flash light from the corner of the tent. “O..or else w..we won’t know whats out there.”

“Fine, okay, fine, but I’m coming with you,” Eddie said. Though reluctant, he was more keen to that than the idea of Bill going by themselves. A short silence fell over them as Eddie and Bill looked over at Richie expectantly.

“God, fuck, fine, I’m going,” Richie groaned, not wanting to get up now that he was comfortable and had just been asleep not even five minutes prior. Nonetheless, Richie leaned forward and crawled out of the tent behind them.

Once outside, they had found raccoons shifting through the trash they had foolishly left out. Luckily, the three of them were able to laugh the situation off. Not, of course, without being initially frightened and yelling out in fear first, though.

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“I could probably do this forever,” Richie declared the next morning.

His face was pressed up against the back of Eddie's neck while his arm wrapped around Eddie's waist. Bill was on the other side of Eddie, his back pressed against Eddie's stomach with the three pairs of legs all intermingled.

"Lay here?" Eddie asked, his voice hushed as to not wake Bill up.

"Yeah. With you guys. Just a bunch of men in the wilderness," Richie chuckled.

"How rustic," Eddie snorted, his hand moving to rest on Richie's forearm where he rubbed small circles with his fingers into Richie's skin. His freehand was already occupied as Eddie ran his fingers soothingly through sleeping Bill's floppy hair. "But I need plumbing."

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"Did you guys want to get in?" Richie asked, looking down into the water. They sat at the end of the small lake pier, their legs dangling over the edge but not quite touching the water. In the distance, they could hear other campers enjoying their vacations as well.

"Y..yeah, I do," Bill agreed, nodding. Their heads turned to Eddie who started to make weird hacking and coughing sounds before the two of them caught on. Soon enough, Eddie spat a loogie into the water that was far too reminiscent of their younger days when they would spit into the quarry.

Richie peered forward. "You still suck at this," he said.

"What? No, look at that thing," Eddie protested, gesturing towards it. "It's practically a monster. That's a text book example right there."

It wasn't long until Bill and Richie were testing out their skills as well.

"N..now we hu..have to swim in that," Bill pointed out, ending the heated debate between Richie and Eddie over who was the long standing champion. Eddie made a disgusted face not having had considered that part before.

Richie was the first to jump in.

“You ever hear back from the university?” Richie asked. Breaking the silence that had fallen between the three of them as they part dried off, part sunbathed after their swim. “You know, about your application.”

“Y..yuh..you want to t..talk about that now?” Bill asked. His eyes squinting due to the sunshine as he looked over at Richie for a moment, before going back to closing eyes.

“Well you never want to talk about it ever. Or at least you don’t mention it and I don’t know about Eds but I’m kind of sick of being left in the dark about what’s going to happen,” Richie said. “So are you going or what?”

“W..whu..what about you?” Bill accused. “Y..you want to m..muh..move to California.”

“Yeah but California is still the same fucking country,” Richie said. “I just don’t get why you want to go abroad. Didn’t think being around us sucked so bad.”

“This h..has nothing to do with y..you guys,” Bill said. “This i..isn’t about y..you guys.”

“Yeah, I can tell since you don’t ever want to tell us about it,” Richie bit back.

“Guys,” Eddie interrupted them. He was sporting a tight lipped frown and his brows were knitted together. Eddie often got into bickering matches with the both of them, though Richie much more than Bill, but he absolutely hated when the two of them got into genuine arguments.

“Four years just seems like a long time,” Richie said eventually. The hurt in his tone was very apparent.

“Y..yeah it does,” Bill agreed with a nod. He was looking at Richie again, but he was giving the other teen a small optimistic smile this time. “B..bu..but then we h..hu..have the rest of our l..lives.”

“We’ll figure it out,” Eddie assured Richie. And Bill. And himself.

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“Okay, make sure you don’t undo the tent poles until you’ve slid them out of the hole,” Richie said with yet another snicker. Eddie rolled his eyes again, Bill just chuckled as he did as Richie instructed. With the help of Eddie, and their fearless leader, Richie, the three of them were able to get the tent down and put away in just a little under three hours, which was roughly two and a half hours more than any of them wanted to spend on it.

The Mom Mobile (as Richie christened it) was officially packed late into the afternoon. Richie had offered to sit in the backseat this time, but Eddie was opted to take it again instead. He liked the view of this boyfriend from that vantage point, though he hadn’t admitted it.

“Lead the way,” Bill had told Richie, handing him the road map and he drove the three of them out of the campsite.

“We’ll have to do this again,” Eddie said, resuming his spot leaning between the two front seats. His body once again swayed with each wind of the road. “It was pretty fun. Good idea, Bill.”

Bill glanced over at Eddie briefly giving him a smile.

They’d go camping again. Several times in fact. It was summer, after all.

And they were supposed to be having fun.